

TIMES

SOCIETY CHRONICLES

HOME

JULIA MURDOCK'S GOSSIP

PAGES

HOME WANTED

By DWIG



Minister of Uruguay Has Returned To the Capital From Massachusetts

For The Times' Children Just Before It's Bedtime

Highest Praise From Julia Murdock For Vaudeville Bill at B. F. Keith's

Has Been Spending the Summer Months With His Family at Magnolia.

THE Minister of Uruguay and Senora Manuela Diaz de Pena, returned to Washington today from Magnolia, Mass., where they spent several of the summer months at the Oceanside. They were accompanied by their elder daughter, Senorita Maria Manuela de Pena, and their son, Senor Hugo V. de Pena, second secretary of the legation. They will open the legation in N street for the season.

Senorita Albertina de Pena and Senorita Maria Carlota de Pena are still with Madame Nason, wife of the Argentine minister, at Deer Park, and will return to Washington with her.

Mrs. S. H. White and daughter, Miss Katherine, who have been guests of friends at Fort Monroe for some time, returned to Washington today, and have joined Mrs. White's father, Brig. Gen. Horatio Gates Gibson, at his home in Twenty-first street.

The President, accompanied by Dr. Grayson, attended the performance at Poll's Theater last evening, occupying a box.

Josephus Daniels, Jr., elder son of the Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Daniels, will leave Washington next week for the Tome school in Maryland, where he will be a student for the coming year. Secretary Daniels will leave Washington tonight on a tour of inspection which will take him first to Jersey City.

Dr. W. Gerry Morgan, who spent the summer abroad with Mrs. Morgan and the Misses Morgan, touring in France, Switzerland, and England, returned to Washington today. Mrs. Morgan and the Misses Morgan will remain in France, where the latter are in school.

Mr. and Mrs. John Nolan and the Misses Nolan have given up their residence in Wyoming avenue and taken an apartment at the Connecticut for the winter.

Haniel von Halmhausen, counselor and chargé d'affaires of the German embassy, left Washington yesterday after spending a day in town, and is again at the summer estate in Newport.

B. Yonine, second Russian secretary, has returned to Newport and joined other members of the embassy staff, after a visit at Beverly Farms.

The former Secretary of the Navy, George von L. Meyer, is among the exhibitors of vegetables and flowers at the Essex county fair, at Topsfield, Mass. Horticulture is a hobby with the former Secretary, and his farm at Hamilton is noted on all the countryside for its products.

Brig. Gen. George L. Andrews, U. S. A., and Mrs. Andrews, who spent the summer at Magnolia, Mass., have gone to Atlantic City to remain until October 1, when they will return to Washington.

Mrs. Mary Stewart and Miss Helen Stewart have gone to the Virginia Hot Springs to remain for part of the fall season.

Lieut. Col. Charles L. McCawley, assistant quartermaster, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. McCawley will return to Washington early next week from Newport, where they have spent some part of the summer.

The Russian Ambassador and Mme. Bakmeteff, who have been making a series of automobile visits to Providence and other places, will return to Newport today.

Count de San Esteban, second secretary of the Spanish legation, has broken all records among fashionable fishermen at Newport, where, with the exception of one, he is spending the summer. Yesterday he was one of a yacht party who fished off Brenton's reef, lighting, and caught sixty black fish out of a total of 100 caught by the entire party, most of the catch weighing more than six pounds. The count decided at noon that he had caught enough fish to supply the Diplomatic Corps for some time to come and decided to go home.

Miss Mary McCawley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward McCawley, will return to Washington the last of this month from New England, where she has spent the last couple of months visiting. Miss McCawley is now at Oronqui, Me., and next week will go to Andover, Me., to visit her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Lee, for a visit.



Miss Pauline Irwin Becomes Bride of Wallace H. Hough This Morning.

Miss Pauline Irwin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Irwin, was married to Wallace H. Hough, formerly of New York, this morning at 10 o'clock, in her parents' apartment in the Burlington, the Rev. J. M. Cooper, of St. Matthew's Catholic Church, officiating, in the presence of a small party of relatives and friends.

Palms, ferns, and clusters of white blossoms adorned the rooms. The bride, whose only attendant was Mrs. Jack Balthazar, of India, wore her traveling costume of dark blue canton crepe with a small blue plush hat of the same shade. She also wore a corsage bouquet of white orchids.

Mrs. Balthazar's gown was of lion velvet with a small black velvet hat. She wore mauve orchids.

Frank Shryock, of Cumberland, Md., was best man for Mr. Hough.

An informal wedding breakfast followed the wedding ceremony, and immediately afterward Mr. and Mrs. Hough left for a wedding trip. After October 1 they will be at home in Roland Park, Baltimore.

MRS. RICHARD VAN WYCK NEGLEY

The Postmaster General and Mrs. Burleson have with them for a month their daughter, Mrs. Richard Van Wyck Negley, of San Antonio, Tex., and her young son, Albert Sidney Burleson Negley. Mrs. Negley is being welcomed by a large circle of friends, who have not seen her since her marriage a couple of years ago. Mrs. Negley attended school in Washington and also made her debut here, announcing her engagement the same year.

The two younger daughters of the Postmaster General, Mrs. Burleson, who attended school at Sweetbriar, W. Va., last year, will enter George Washington University this year.

Mrs. Fogg and Miss Fogg, of Tennessee, who spend the winter in Washington, have returned to the city from the South and are established at Stoneleigh Court for the season.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry Fry, who spent the summer on Long Island, have returned to Washington.

Miss Virginia Marie Houghton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Albert Houghton, will be married to Samuel Walter Bogley this evening at the Dumbarton Avenue M. E. Church at 8 o'clock. After the wedding ceremony a reception for the bride party, the relatives, and a few intimate friends will follow at the home of the bride's parents, 3022 Cambridge place.

Late in the evening Mr. Bogley and his bride will leave for a trip and upon their return will be at home after November 1 at Wootton avenue, Friendship Heights, Md.

Dr. C. W. Richardson, of 1317 Connecticut avenue, has returned to Washington from a visit to Panama and Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace G. MacFarland and Mrs. MacFarland's young son, John M. Huggins, who spent the summer months abroad, have returned to Washington and are established at the Grafton Hotel for the present.

Miss Nellie Claire Howard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Howard, of N street, who left Washington recently to join a party of friends from New York in Philadelphia, motored with them to Atlantic City, where they spent a day or two, and then they went to Asbury Park, then to Hathaway Inn, Deal Beach, N. J., and then back to New York. They attended the Saturday night dance at the Pelham Country Club and spent a few days in Brooklyn. They are leaving New York today for West Point, where they will remain for the hop Saturday evening. Miss Howard will return to Washington the latter part of next week.

Brig. Gen. William L. Marshall, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Marshall have closed their cottage at Martha's Vineyard, which they occupied all summer, and returned to Washington and opened their Brookcroft place residence for the winter. Miss Maitland Marshall has also returned to Washington, having made an extended automobile tour through New England during the last several weeks.

Miss Mary Regina Irwin, daughter of Commander William Manning Irwin, U. S. N., and Mrs. Irwin, who spent the last year in Boston, has sailed for Europe to spend the winter with her uncle and aunt, the French Minister to Sweden and Mme. Thiebaut in Stockholm.

The former Solicitor of Internal Revenue and Mrs. Arthur B. Hayes, of 3338 Avenue of the Presidents, have received word announcing the birth of a daughter to their daughter, Mrs. Ernest H. Herivel, at El Oro, Estado de Mexico, Mexico.

Judge and Mrs. William Bailey Lamar, the former recently appointed United States commissioner to the Panama Canal, are giving up the house in the Avenue of the Presidents, which they leased last year, and expect to leave Washington the first of next month for a visit to their old home in Atlanta, Ga. They will visit in Georgia for some time and then return to Washington for several weeks before going to San Francisco. During the winter they expect to return for a visit.

Baron Zwiernicki, counselor of the Austro-Hungarian embassy, who spent the summer abroad, has sailed for this country and is expected to arrive in Washington at the end of this week.

Dr. Ernest Baumann, counselor of the Swiss legation and chargé d'affaires during the absence of the minister in Switzerland, has returned to the capital from Bar Harbor, where he went after seeing the minister sail, a short time ago.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Finley and the Misses Finley, who have spent the summer at their Virginia farm, have returned to Washington and opened their town house for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Blair have returned to Washington, after having spent the summer at Northern resorts, and later at the White Sulphur Springs, and are at their city home for the winter.

Dr. Eusebio A. Morales, minister of Panama, will entertain at a dinner this evening at the New Willard Hotel, in the Presidential suite in honor of W. J. Price, American minister to the Republic of Panama.

Miss Louise Sorelli, a former Washington girl, is returning here to reside and will establish a studio. She has during her absence devoted herself to piano study and will give a recital in the near future.

Scottish Rite Masons Off for Atlantic City

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 17.—Following final business sessions today of the Supreme Council of Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Masonry the scene of the convention changed to Atlantic City where the entire delegation will attend a banquet tonight. Eighty-one prominent Masons who received the thirty-third degree at the hands of Sovereign Grand Commander Barton Smith last night will be the honor guests.

Among them will be Arthur H. Burton, Worcester, Mass.; John J. Van Valkenberg, South Framingham, Mass.; Frank D. Fuller, Springfield, and Harlan B. Ballard, Pittsfield, Mass.

SQUANK AND THE FILLILOO BIRD.

NOW all the fairies at the court of their queen, Emerelda, were very sad, for day and night, the queen lay drooping, with never even a smile. The old witch doctor had said she would never get well until she laughed, and that she would never laugh until she was tickled with a feather from the top-knot of the Filliloo bird.

The fairies had straightaway sent word to the Filliloo bird that, if he would give them a feather he might eat his fill of the magic berries in the palace garden. This he had readily agreed to, for, of all things, the Filliloo bird loves magic berries best and the tree at the palace was the only one, in the world.

But the Filliloo bird is a very dishonest bird, and after he had eaten his fill he flew away with a laugh without giving the fairies even a scrap of a feather. Of course, this made the fairies very sad, and little Squank, the favorite hobnob at the court, was the saddest of them all, for he loved the queen most devotedly.

But he was also cleverest of them all. He could think hardest when standing on his head. So he stood on his head all one day and the next night, thinking of a way to get that feather. And along about the middle of the second day he shouted: "Oh, ho! I've got it!" Then he turned himself upside down again, and went merrily skipping to the home of the Filliloo bird.

Now, like all dishonest creatures, the Filliloo bird was exceedingly conceited, for they were on top of his head, and there were no looking-glasses then. But others had told him about their beautiful purple color, and, like all conceited creatures, he was very willing to believe them the most beautiful of feathers.

So little Squank found his Filliloo bird sitting on a limb preening himself and thinking how beautiful his purple topknot was.

"Good morning, Filliloo bird," said Squank. "That's a black top-knot you have, isn't it?"

"Black top-knot?" echoed the Filliloo bird; "why, you little goblin, that's my crest of royal purple feathers."

"How do you know they are purple?" asked the wily Squank. "You have never seen them yourself, have you?"

"N-n-no-o-o," retorted the Filliloo bird, "but that's what everyone has always told me."

"But you've never seen for yourself,"



Thinking how beautiful he was

insisted Squank, "and you can never be certain until you have, will you?" "N-n-no-o-o," admitted the Filliloo bird, still reluctantly.

"There's only one way to see for yourself, Filliloo bird, and I will help you do that," remarked the clever Squank, with the air of one doing a great favor.

Then, pulling a pair of scissors from his pocket, he said: "Come, hop down here, and I'll cut off a feather so that you may see for yourself." Down hopped the Filliloo bird and bowed its head, while Squank snipped off a feather.

"There!" exclaimed the Filliloo bird triumphantly, as he looked on the feather. "I can see they're purple!"

"And I've got the feather you dishonestly declined to give me," cried Squank, as he cobbly stowed the feather away in his pocket.

"Oh! my beautiful feather, my beautiful feather!" moaned the Filliloo bird. "You better thank your stars that I didn't snip every single one of them off just now to repay for being dishonest," replied Squank, and went skipping homeward, chuckling to himself, with the feather in his pocket, leaving the disconsolate Filliloo bird to grieve at being outwitted.

When Squank got to the palace he crept in and tickled the queen behind the ear. At once she burst forth into peals of laughter, joyous and silvery, that went echoing through the palace walls, and woke the court into rejoicing. At once she was well again. That night she gave a party to little Squank and they all sat up and ate and danced so late that the next morning no one, not even the cook, got up until nearly 9 o'clock.

Tomorrow's story: "The Magic Glute."

FOR TIMES WOMEN WHO WANT TO KNOW What Is Seen in The Shops

MONDAY school opens. This means (for mothers) lots of shopping.

Getting all that is needed for the boy and girl is quite a proposition, and entails the walking of many weary miles in search of the proper garments and materials. Many mothers do not even know just what they want or where to find it. Hats and coats are the first consideration, shoes and stockings next, and the regular school dresses and suits come last.

Caps of almost any indeterminate size and color are employed by those of the small boys who cover their heads at all, but for even the younger of the young ladies a more formal covering is required. The tam-o'-shanter in black velvet, and the soft felt hat, which can be turned or twisted into almost any shape are more popular for school wear with girls than other styles. These may be had at the department store in Seventh street, between D and E, for 35 cents.

A choice of navy, tan, gray, and black. Coats for both the boys and the girls may be sweaters. Boys do not generally wear them until the colder weather sets in, but the girls find them warm and light over their summer dresses. The department store mentioned above carries sweaters for boys and girls at prices ranging from \$1 to \$2.50. They are made in Norfolk styles in white, red, navy, and gray, with or without collar.

For the older girls the white sweaters are in the best taste. True, it is a little hard to keep them clean, but the effect is much better than when colored ones are worn with dresses of indeterminate shade.

White, a Norfolk suit with knickerbocker.

At the jewelry shop in F street, not far from the corner of Thirteenth, small nail head hat-pins, excellent for tams and small hats may be had at 50 cents and less. Some of them sell two for a quarter. They are short length and fitted with plain heads in white stones.

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Mr. Gilliland took his old American chronometer into a jeweler on one of Broadway's strange streets. The jeweler, a Greek, was an old friend. So Mr. Gilliland took careful note of what the store looked like, and thought to himself that he'd be able to find that again.

But to this day he doesn't know where that watchmaker's shop is and that's why he has a new watch and plenty of advice about getting a tourist guide when you do Europe.

He got a new watch. That's what he got.

He got the watch in Bremerhaven, where they have streets that wind, and wind like the devil's paths of sin. The streets have a lot to do with this story, so be patient a moment more.

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COMPARISONS

are proverbially odious, but no one who attends the performance at Keith's Theater this week can help but make one between the current bill and the average vaudeville program of other years. The former programs were just that—average. This week sees the setting of a new standard for "high class vaudeville." This week Mr. Keith introduces Washington to his "vaudeville de luxe."

It would be very, very hard to collect eight acts for a vaudeville bill which would make an ensemble any better than the current program at the new theater. It is in verity an "all-star bill" without, at the same time, being top-heavy or badly balanced. Every act is a pleasure, and the audience does not find a dull moment from the rise of the curtain to the fall thereof. It is vaudeville such as the National Capital has never before seen—an entertainment which it has formerly had to content with reading about.

The feature of the current bill is Jesse Lasky's "Red Heads," and, believe me, they are a "feature."

Staged with all the abandon and extravagance of side and costumes which the "Balcony of Vaudeville" is wont to lavish on its productions; endowed with plenty of talent, both singing and dancing; sumptuously mounted, and blessed with a book which is coherent, tuneful, and clever, "Red Heads" furnishes one of the most enjoyable entertainments which Washington has witnessed in the two days. Indeed, it would not be hard to imagine that the act was a regular length musical comedy compressed into fifty minutes for here one has every ingredient of a successful musical show—pretty girls, gorgeous gowns, clever actors, graceful dancers, and snappy, catchy music.

In a word, "Red Heads" is—or, should one say, are—a delight!

The plot of the piece—but why worry about the plot of a vaudeville musical comedy when I make it a rule never to strain my brain trying to find the plot of a full-length musical show? In the vernacular of the day—"uh-ha-hibbe!"

(That's something I picked up at Keith's this week. It's vaudevilian for "I should worry." Practice it some time. It takes a little effort to get it right, but it comes in very handy occasionally.)

The costuming of the Lasky act is really wonderful. Each of the eight chorus girls wears three gowns, and in one of the numbers all of the costumes are different, illustrating every amusement of the modern woman from horse-showing to tangoing, from the opera to the dancette. They are ravishing, and every woman in the audience catches her breath with a little sob of regret that she hasn't a duplicate for her wardrobe. In particular there is—but, no, I mustn't start to tell you about any one of them in particular, because I would have to describe them all in order to be fair. Suffice it to say they are wonderful, gorgeous—and they are worn by an octette of really beautiful red heads.

James B. Carson has the leading role in the piece, playing the part of the head of the Kaufman Clock and Suit Company (in relation to G. S. K.), to which the red-head girls come as models for the newest creations. Eleanor Butler is the San Francisco heiress pursued by Dorothy Sadler, the female detective, and loved by Stewart Jackson, the young beyer. The song lists include "That's Business," "I Just Dropped in to Say Hello, Now I Hate You," "The Detective," "My Latest Creation," and "My Latest Creation."

In the course of the last-named number Stewart Jackson and Miss Marguerite Zimmerman do a tango which is the individual hit of the piece.

You mustn't miss "Red Heads." But the Lasky act is not all the bill, by any manner of means. Running it a close second—so close that but a hair's breadth separates them in public favor—is

are two of the other acts. Miss Lillian Shaw, with her dialect recitations, and the Stan-Stanley Trio. The former gives four of her delightful selections concluding with a "Tiddish Baseball Game," which fairly brings down the house.

The Stan-Stanley Trio disproves the adage concerning the fact that there is nothing new under the sun by giving a novel twist to the conventional "patter by 'planting' one of their number in the audience. The repartee, most of it spontaneous, between the men in the pit and the man on the stage, is one of the most enjoyable bits of the entire act.

Joseph Herbert, Jr., and Lillian Goldsmith, with their "Dance of the Fire," also command a goodly share of the applause, as does Robert Emmett Keane, who contributes a "Tiddish Baseball Game," which fairly brings down the house.

The Shaw movies are shown in the intermission.

Considered either as a whole or in respect to its component parts I think I am safe in saying that the current bill at Keith's is the best Washington has ever witnessed. No lover of vaudeville should miss it, and I can safely recommend it even to those who, as a general rule, eschew the variety theater. It is an excellent example of what can be done with good management and the ability to secure high-class talent.

My only fear is that Mr. Keith will find it difficult to maintain the high standard he has set.

JULIA MURDOCK.

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Much nervousness is caused by coffee drinking—eminent medical authorities having demonstrated that the coffee drug, caffeine, is a definite nerve poison to many persons.

Coffee has no food value whatever, and is a deceitful friend. Under its use the nerves first become irritated; then so sensitive and "on edge" that a slight variation from general health often appears most serious to its victim.

However, Nature responds quickly to common-sense treatment, and right living frequently does more than medicine. So, if you value peace and comfort, try this easy experiment.

Stop coffee entirely and have hot, well-made

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It contains the genuine nourishing elements of the grain, but is absolutely free from the coffee drug, or any other harmful ingredient.

Postum comes in two forms.

Regular Postum must be well boiled. Instant Postum is a soluble powder. A spoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a very palatable beverage instantly.

Thousands have been wonderfully benefited by using Postum instead of coffee—

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